UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1175.

Original Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY N. W. WILLIAMS.

Thus an earnest voice hath spoken,—
"Let the dead Past bury its dead!"
Yet what heart that hath not broken,
Oft, the mandate stern and dread!

What! hath thus the past all perished?
Gone like track on ocean-wave?
And shall all, once loved and cherished,
Sink in dark oblivion's grave?

Shall rich fields, to blight converted,
Mark our march through life's campaign,
Lest we faint,—the ranks deserted,—
Should be tempted back again?

We are ever onward moving,
More life's mystery to learn;
Though, perchance, its folly proving,
Yet we never backward turn.

But it oft our heart's rejoices,
If we list the pleasant chime,
Memory echoes of sweet voices,
Springing from the by-gone time.

And a light, the Present, cheereth,
Looming from some sunny spot,
Which full many a thought endeareth,
That can never be forgot.

Tell us not, that these are vanished,
And no more of joy can give;
Ne'er, till from our hearts they're banished,
Will they cease in light to live.

And to us the glad hope clingeth,
That the Past shall break its chain,
And that back, the Future bringeth
All the "loved and lost," again.

For the sea its dead shall render,
And the tombs give up their dust;
Shall not thus the past surrender
Joys committed to its trust?

Earnest, then, our work addressing,
Feeling that the past is sure,
With no fear our heart's oppressing,
Let us firm each toil endure.

Prize Story.

GEORGINA HAZLETON; OR, The Splendid Match.

FOR WHICH A PRIZE WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"For honored well, are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do."—*Willis.*

"Victory, Marion! he is mine at last!"

"At last! Why, Georgy, I thought he had been yours for six months, at least."

"Who! Oh! you mean Harry Hillard; but I was not thinking of him."

"And in the name of constancy and common sense, whom are you thinking of?"

"Delmont, to be sure."

"Well!"

"And I have promised to bestow upon him, next month,—my hand—with my—ha, ha, ha,—with my heart in it. You are to be bridesmaid—I am to have a superb trousseau—and we are to leave for Europe—for Paris—dear Paris, immediately."

"And Hillard!"

"Ah! you must console him,—my chère!"

Marion suddenly cast down the expressive eyes which had been raised in wonder to her cousin's face, and a quick and vivid blush stole over her cheek.

Had it not been for this momentary embarrassment, she would have noticed that while Georgina spoke in a gay and careless tone, and with a smile of light disdain—her mouth trembled, and her proud eyes were moist with subdued emotion.

Georgina Hazleton was a brilliant and queenly-looking girl of eighteen, with a superb form, a haughty bearing and a face of faultless beauty. A rich mass of hair, with a blue-black gloss upon it, trailed loosely around each delicate ear, and lay in graceful coils and braids on the singularly white neck behind. A complexion colorless, yet almost dazzling, from its extreme purity, and dark gray eyes, so fringed by their long and jet-like lashes, that they were often mistaken for black. Such was Georgina at eighteen; and this exquisite being, with her warm and naturally generous heart, and her highly cultivated mind, was about to sell herself, or to be sold by her world-hardened parents for gold!

The frequency of these terrible sacrifices does not lessen the pain they inspire in all sensitive, high-toned and delicate minds, and Marion Woodville's predominant sentiment amid the tumult of emotion which now, for the first time, rose in her lofty soul, was that of pity and grief for her cousin.

So young, so beautiful, so beloved to be thus immolated! She could not endure the thought, and with all that wonderful eloquence, with which, when roused by an emergency from her usual reserve and repose, she sometimes startled her hearers, Marion besought her cousin to pause, to reflect, to retract the fatal promise she had given to Delmont.

"And do you think," said Georgina, passionately, and bitterly moved, in spite of herself, by this noble burst of feeling on the part of one commonly so quiet—"Do you think, Marion, there is no voice in my own heart, more eloquent, more touching even than yours, resistless as it always is, when you choose to charm or subdue. If Pride, Ambition, Vanity—if you will have stifled *that* voice, can yours affect me! "Besides," she added mournfully, "It is too late now!"

"Oh, no! not too late! It is never too late to——"

"Say no more, cousin," Georgina impatiently exclaimed, "my fate is irrevocable," and she left the room as hastily and impetuously as she had entered it.

CHAPTER II.

"Come, all dark and bright as skies,
With the tender starlight hung,
Loose the Love from out thine eyes,
Loose the Angel from thy tongue!
"Tell them Beauty born above,
From no shade nor hue doth fly,
All she asks to mind, is Love,
And both upon thine aspect lie."

Marion Woodville, left an orphan at an early age, had only consented to enter the family of her Aunt Hazleton, on condition that she should be a governess to the younger children of the family, so repaying, a thousand fold, the obligations she was under for the asylum thus offered her.

Respected by every member of the family, and almost adored by her pupils—content in the consciousness of fulfilling her duties toward herself and all within the sphere of her influence, Miss Woodville's life had hitherto been tranquil and unruffled,—overshadowed by scarcely a cloud, save that of regret for her parents, and that had cast so soft and tender a shade over her naturally sunny temperament, that one could hardly wish it away. Like a summer morn, that smiles with a softer and a lovelier glory through the tearful mist that veils it, she was only the more charming for that beautiful and gentle sorrow.

Marion's face had hardly a ray of what is called loveliness to boast of. Her health had always been delicate,—her complexion was sallow, and without color, except what a momentary emotion might awaken; her eyes seldom lifted were too pensive to be brilliant; and her form too slight for perfect beauty. Her hair indeed, was remarkably soft and fine, and of a lovely brown; but as it was always combed straight back from her temples, it was never seen to advantage. She used to say she could think better when it was thus put off, and though daily told that curls would be very becoming—Marion wouldn't take the hint. And yet, in spite of all this, there was an unspeakable charm about her,—the magic of manner, perhaps, which took all hearts by surprise. Fragile as was her form, with its light, willowy, wavy bend,—every movement of it was grace,—that ineffable grace, which the soul "attuned aright" almost always gives to action. She must have moved to inaudible melody, for her harmonious motions had all the effect of music on the mind. But independent of this, Marion carried about her two talismans, which she must have brought with her when

"Trailing clouds of glory she did come,
From Heaven, which is her home."

and with which she could sway almost at will, the hearts of those, who looked and listened. Her smile, and her voice,—both were enchanting. The former, pure, frank, and sweet as that of a child, came but seldom; but when it did come, it illumined her whole countenance; it seemed a golden key to treasures unknown till then;—it showed the small, dainty teeth, pure and white as pearls, which were not often seen, and when she raised those usually downcast and unfathomable eyes, full of the soft light to yours, you would imagine you could see dawning far, far in their luminous depths, an Eden of the soul, a glorious world of thought and feeling, too bright and beautiful to be often thus unveiled, and then her voice—to quote from our inimitable Tennyson,

"Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range,
Touched by all passion,—did fall down and glance,
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change,
Of liveliest utterance."

'Twas in "itself a song," earnest and lovely as an angel's hymn.

CHAPTER III.

Reader, we are under obligations to you,—you have read the foregoing rather tedious chapter, and we owe you some attention in return. "Allons donc!" we invite you to a grand wedding; we will accompany you, and it is time to go. Ah! here we are, in the "dim, religious light" of the church, and there is the happy bride. Happy! Good Heaven! how pale she is, and how her proud lip quivers in the low response, and who is that plain, but interesting girl at her side, dressed in such modest, yet elegant simplicity, and evidently struggling to restrain her tears!—ah! that must be Marion,—our Marion!—the governess, and yet the idol of the children.

But the bridegroom! look at him! what a disagreeable-looking old man! old enough to be your father, Georgina! poor Georgina! and after all you are not happy as you thought you would be, with that splendid wreath of diamonds on your stately brow, and the elegant carriage, which awaits you at the door. No! you have bartered the heart's wealth for gold, and you deserve what your haughty spirit can least patiently endure,—our pity;—poor Georgina! Go! seat yourself in your sumptuous carriage, beside its master and yours, and console yourself, if you can, amid the dazzling insignia of wealth and fashion, for the truth, the love, the innocence, the treasures of the soul, which you have lost.

CHAPTER IV.

Obliging reader! you will do us the favor to imagine that ten years have gone by since you went to the wedding with us, and just come here and peep into this window, for a moment. They will not see us,—they are too busy and too happy; and if they did, they wouldn't scold, they are too kind. What a pleasant and graceful picture they make, grouped as they are round the centre table, under that brilliant lamp. Can that be the mother,—so young and so lovely still,—bending her fair head earnestly over her work? Stay! she lifts up her eyes,—she smiles! surely that face is familiar, and yet how changed! The hair falls in soft curls around a face, lightly and beautifully colored,—the large black eyes are brighter than of old,—the lips more richly red; the form exquisitely rounded and more erect,—the complexion has wholly lost its sallow tint; health and happiness have indeed wrought a miraculous change and Marion Hillard is a beautiful woman.

There is a little demure image of her at her side about six years old, netting a purse for "papa." A bright, healthy, rosy rogue of a girl, three years younger, is standing behind her on the sofa, trying to arrange to her satisfaction in her mother's hair, a bit of gay ribbon she has found. "Papa" has been reading aloud I suspect, but he closes his book now; for the motherly looking nurse has just brought in little Harry, the beautiful baby—to kiss his good night all round. He is carressed by each alternately and the nurse receives him again, and is about to go,—

"Now, Georgina! it is time," and Mrs. Hillard turns to the child behind her.

"Oh, mamma! Not yet—not quite yet!"

What a winning, coaxing, loving tone the little witch assumes—and she throws her dimpled arms around her mother's neck, and bends those earnest, blue eyes upon her with such enchanting grace. Do, Mrs. Hillard, let her stay! How can you resist her!

But "mama" knows her better than we do! Once give way to the little gipsey—once let her feel her power, and she will queen it over you ever afterwards!

"Georgina!" said her mother, gravely.

"Oh! mamma, don't look so! I will go if you'll only smile again! I must carry your smile to bed with me!"

And Mrs. Hillard smiles—how can she help it! The father laughs—and Georgina looks back from the door, with a glance inimitably saucy, and lisps in her own sweet, baby way—"What oo laughing at! 'Cause I so cunning!"

"Mamma!" whispers Marion, hastily, putting by her work—"Perhaps I had better go too. It will make the little darling more contented."

Mamma smiles again—but this time it is through a tear of tenderness, touched by this new instance of self-denial, on the part of her generous child, who, I am sure, wanted very much to finish that purse to night.

But see! a carriage dashes up to the door—a lady alights! What a splendid imperial-looking creature! She enters the house. Ah! there she is again at the door of the drawing-room, and the Hillards' rise to welcome her.

"Dear Georgina!" exclaimed Marion; "I am so glad you have come! I had not heard of your arrival."

The lady seated herself with languid grace upon a sofa;—

"We arrived this morning, and as Mr. Delmont had no engagement, I drove here to escape a tête a tête evening with him."

"No! Georgina!"

The lady laughed disdainfully. "Don't say no! Marion, as if you were surprised. You know it is affectation! Confess, now, that husbands are but the 'cold realities of life.' But let us change the subject. How lovely you have grown. How well you look in curls! You wouldn't wear them once, because you couldn't think so well, you said. And so you have given up thinking, I suppose."

"Oh! Henry thinks for me—so there is no occasion," replied Marion, gaily.

Mrs. Delmont involuntarily raised her eyes and met those of Henry Hillard fixed upon her, with a look so full of compassionate interest, that her heart thrilled as of old beneath the gaze.

"And he dares to pity me!" she said to herself. It was a bitter thought, and she threw back her noble head with the lofty hauteur of a duchess.

"But tell me, Florence," said Marion, "when shall I see the little darling?"

"Oh! any time—she is not well—and cries too much to be interesting."

Marion looked at the mother in astonishment.

And Mrs. Delmont, weary of herself and all around her, and restless for excitement, soon after took her leave.

CHAPTER V.

"Take her away, nurse. She is always fretting, and I cannot bear to hear her!"

A sinister-looking woman approached to take the pale but lovely little girl from the arms of her mother.

"Oh! let me stay with you this once mamma! dear, precious, pretty mamma! I will be good; I love you because you kiss me and speak softly! Oh! do not send me away! And she clung almost convulsively to the bosom that should have been her home.

Softened for a moment, the lady bent fondly over her child, while she kissed the beautiful eyes that were raised imploringly to hers; but just then a well-known voice was heard upon the stairs, and hurriedly placing the little Florence, in the arms of her nurse, in spite of her tears and entreaties, Georgina Delmont drew gracefully around her form, the disarranged folds of a magnificent shawl, and with a deepening color, awaited the approach of a young Frenchman, the most fascinating, as well as the most profligate man in the circle of her acquaintance.

CHAPTER VI.

It was three o'clock. The day was brilliant, Broadway, sunny Broadway, alive with beauty and fashion,—the Park fountain in its glory;

Original Sketch.

A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

In the latter part of September, 1841, I accompanied an invalid brother on his journey, who had been advised by his physician, to seek mountain air for the recovery of his health. We had often heard of Wilkesbarre—the purity of its air, the beautiful scenery of its vales and mountains, the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants, and Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" had made it classic ground—thither then we concluded we would direct our course.

It was about sunset on the third day of our travel, that we first came in view of the glorious Valley of Wyoming; leaving the carriage, we followed our guide a short distance from the road to the prospect rock, where it lay like a panorama at our feet.

The mountains, wooded to their summits, enclosed it on both sides; the Susquehannah, gently flowing through its fertile plains, reflected on its bosom the clouds of gold and purple that canopied the declining sun. Autumn had swept with her first frosts over the mountains and tinged with rain-bow tints the foliage of the trees. Long we gazed in silent admiration, it looked like an Eden, fresh from the hands of its Maker. In a few hours we arrived at Wilkesbarre, where we passed several delightful weeks: we had letters of introduction to some of the principal families of the place, and found rumor had not exaggerated their hospitality; truly from all we received "a Highland welcome."

In one of our many excursions to the different points of interest in the Valley, we became acquainted with an old Revolutionary officer, then in his 90th year. He was one of the first settlers of Wilkesbarre, had been engaged in all the contests of that period, was personally acquainted with Brant, and had taken a prominent part in the bloody Battle of Wyoming; that fearful domestic war, where brother was armed against brother, and scenes of such atrocity and cruelty were enacted, the heart shrinks at their recital. We were the grandchildren of a Revolutionary officer, and from the lips of that revered relative had often heard incidents of the American struggle for independence, that made our young cheeks pale.

Major F—— was a perfect treasure to us.

[illegible]

turned home down the Susquehannah. Landing at Berwick, a short distance from the site of the old fort, we procured a boat, and spent an afternoon in rambling over the island, in a vain search for the grave of Tornatoqua. There was a tradition, still existing among the people of the neighborhood, of the burial of a great Indian Warrior, by the Continental Soldiers stationed at the Fort, but none could point out the spot, though it yet forms a fireside tale in the Valley of Wyoming.

Selected Tales.

DEEDS--NOT WORDS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

CHAPTER I.

"I cannot express how deeply I feel obliged to you. I shall never forget it. Now look, my good fellow, you have only to tell me what you want, and it shall be procured."

When Charles Cherry had concluded this speech, he shook most cordially by the hand the humble-looking youth to whom it was addressed; and turning to the friend who was by his side, exclaimed, with all the ardour of his nature, "Here, Richard! Why, Dick Raymond, have you no kind word to give James Hodges? But for James I should have been food for fishes by this time."

"Master Richard," replied the young farmer—and when he spoke his face lit up with a grateful expression that illumined his heaviness into something like beauty—"Master Richard has *done* more for me than I had any right to expect."

Charles Cherry bit his lip, and his cheek flushed. "I wish I was rich, James," he said rapidly. "I wish I had a hundred pounds to give you; but, depend upon it, I shall never forget you. Whatever you want, let me know, that's all. I'll get you a situation."

"That, indeed, sir," answered James, "would be the making of me. I have no taste for farming; and if I could get any situation, I would indeed—"

The earnestness and emotion of the youth overcame him; he could not finish the sentence. Charles Cherry again seized his hand, and assured him he never could do enough to repay him. He ran over the names of great men who were under obligations to his father, and who would consequently be ready to oblige him. James was in ecstacy as Charles numbered the fine lords and ladies who would be delighted to serve him; meanwhile, young Raymond stood by with a serious aspect. "I think," he said, at last, "that our new friend had better, for the present, persevere in his farming; situations are difficult to obtain; and he owes a great deal to his father, which his attention alone can repay; and—" Whatever he would have added was prevented by his

[illegible]

a custom with me to knock at this door, though I am not let in; but I catch him sometimes, and while he speaks I think he means to do, his tone is so gentle, and his words are so honied; they used to reach my heart once, though now they go no further than my ear. Still my ear desires to hear them, and so I come; the very knocker knows me, and lays close; but it is an evil habit, and you are young enough to get rid of it. I thought I rendered service to more than he, and have been repaid by words—led into a fool's paradise by words, and led out of it by starvation; that's what poor place-hunters come to—that's what poor place-hunters come to," he repeated, and ran down the steps, James thought, like one half-crazed.

Sadly and moodily James Hodges sought to retrace his way. That morning he had—though breakfastless and penniless—bounded up those steps as certain of a kind reception and immediate aid as man could be; now he literally crept down them trembling with despair. He had expended the last pound which the affection of his mother bestowed, in bringing himself and his young wife to London, knowing that, according to Charles Cherry's letter, "parliament had met," and all the great people were in town together. The real truth never flashed upon him, that neither Charles nor his father had sufficient power to obtain the smallest situation for him, who had cast away his birth-right, and drawn into his destiny a young and helpless girl, from faith in a careless promise.

"If," thought James, "what I have heard is true, I am utterly ruined. And Jessie, whose determination I overcame, who might have been in comfort with a relation, she too—she will be starving in another day." The thought was too horrible to endure; but youth is sanguine, and it was followed by one of comfort. "I asked nothing from him; I made no request. Surely he would not wantonly destroy him who had just saved his life. This assurance he repeated over and over again to himself, and it enabled him to meet the warm inquiring smile that greeted his return with something like self-possession.

A few days after James's fruitless visit to the great man's door, Charles Cherry called upon Richard Raymond, who had just commenced keeping his terms in the Temple. After a few introductory sentences, "You remember when I was down with you at Raymond Lodge?"

"I cannot surely forget it," said Richard, bowing slightly over the great law book he had been reading.

"You remember the little accident I had?"

"Yes; but you did not think it little then. However, it is some eighteen or twenty months ago," replied Richard drily.

"And you remember James Hodges, your father's tenant's son?"

"Oh surely; he who behaved with so much bravery."

"Capitally, very kindly indeed," said Charles, rather hesitatingly; "but I think you could hardly call it 'bravery;' for, if you remember, he had a horse—he was on horseback—and it was the horse which swam to us."

"Oh yes, I remember all about it; but I only repeated your own words—eighteen months ago."

"Your tone is not kindly, Raymond," said Charles; "and I remember you thought my promises were made too thoughtlessly. I fear you were right. I did indeed mean to provide for him, but my father has not done as I wished; and I can't at present do anything for him; and the worst of it is, he has come to London."

"I knew he had quarrelled with his father, and married," said Richard.

"Yes, foolish fellow; and all (he says) relying on my word; was there anything ever so absurd?"

"As relying on your word!" said Richard. Charles Cherry's face flushed.

"Richard Raymond," he replied, "if you want to quarrel, do, and I will quarrel with you; but do not taunt me with what I cannot help now. I am sorry I misled this young man; and more than sorry that I have not the means of doing for him what I ought. I am guinea-less as ever."

In the early days of the young men's friendship, the frank smile and this frank avowal would have made Richard open his purse at once to his friend, but he had learnt to consider impulses as valueless which produced no effect. He, therefore, simply remarked, that he did not wish to quarrel with him—though perhaps the knowledge of how much James's family had suffered from his late waywardness and its cause had rendered him more severe than he intended; that he foresaw at the time the danger, and warned him of it; but there he paused, for he did not like to enter farther upon what could not then be remedied. Charles Cherry began to justify himself, declaring the kindness of his intentions, and the absurdity of the young farmer's coming to town expecting that a situation would be ready for him at once. Richard continued nearly silent, until Charles asked him if there was no cottage or small quantity of land his father could let James have; or could he use his influence to reconcile him to his father.

"I," he replied, "can enter no engagements for others." The tone of his voice, and the severe expression of countenance which accompanied these few words, obliged Charles Cherry to take his hat, leaving the chambers of a man he was compelled to respect, with the degrading knowledge that the feeling could not be mutual.

"Leave me," said Richard, "James's address." Charles tore it off a letter and gave it him. "You will then do something for the poor fellow?" he inquired.

"I really," he replied, "wonder how you can ask me such a question."

"We are not likely to meet again," said Charles, with unfeigned emotion.

"I do not think we are," answered Richard; "our thoughts, and feelings, and habits—to use a term of my new profession, our *practice*—would not agree. You remember, Charles, 'deeds not words'—the only habit for our own peace and the peace of others—you will think so yet, believe me." They parted.

"What a splendid horse and cab he drives," said Richard to himself, "and yet he can spare nothing from these luxuries to do an act of justice—to afford to keep his word."

The embryo lawyer pondered for a few minutes, and looked at the address which he held in his hand. It was that of a miserable back lane in Chelsea. He turned the paper over. "I have sold all my clothes, and have had no food for ——;" the rest was torn away. He looked at the date which was with the address. It was the 15th, and that was the 17th. He dressed himself quickly, and having directed the servant to hire a hack cab, told the man to drive to Chelsea. It was a fine clear day. Passing the Athenæum, he saw Charles laughing on the steps with a few of those whom the world honors: some justly, others unjustly, as the case may be. He recalled, with the rapidity of thought, the days of his boyhood, when he used first to go hunting, then fishing, then shooting; and there were few excursions which were not in some way connected with James Hodges—good natured James, always ready to oblige, and believing that others were as kindly as himself. He thought of him on the breezy uplands, by the side of the streams, under shelter of the wide-spreading trees, cheerful beside the rude plenty of his father's board, and warmed by his mother's love. Now—he called to the man to drive faster. At last alighting, he found his way through a dirty little court, swarming with children. He asked for the object of his generous and unostentatious solicitude.

"If you're the gentleman he expected," said a ragged woman, "I wish you had come sooner. He could bear his troubles no longer, though," added the wretched creature, "I don't see what he or she was either that they should give themselves airs, and not bear what we all bear day after day. He was mighty upstart in his way."

"He tried to drown himself last night, sir," interposed a man, who seemed to possess more feeling; "and would have succeeded but for his poor young wife, who, thinking his mind was straying, watched him close. The police have charge of him now."

Poor James! His true friend having got upon his track, he was saved—saved to return to the country a wiser and an humbler man. Richard's father *did* find him a cottage and some land without promising to do *either*; and want and its agonies were driven from him and his—and yet the poor fellow's cup of suffering was not full; a neat headstone was, within a year, raised beneath the old yew-tree, recording that [illegible]

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

Joseph Dresser is *not* an agent for this paper.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In collecting the material for this day's paper, we have been more forcibly than ever struck with the great advantages which Americans, as a nation, possess over all others; and in saying this, we intend no self laudation as a people, and no pretence that our government and institutions are perfect. Being human they are necessarily subject to the objections of imperfection which no human skill can obviate; and which no experience can fully correct; for in remedying one fault, we must necessarily fall into others. While, therefore, we are willing to admit that in some points our form of government is less efficient than those institutions which consider people as the mere puppets with which governments play, we need hardly repeat the acknowledged truth that in the United States the nearest approach has been made to what should be the great end of all political institutions—"the greatest good of the greatest number."

By reference to various paragraphs in this day's paper, it will appear that old Father Winter has made up in intensity what he has this year lost in delay. The cold has been a long time in coming, but has, for this latitude at least, continued much more unremittingly than usual. The well-clad and well-fed citizen who finds it difficult to keep comfortable even under the favorable circumstances of pecuniary ability, should indulge in a thought, and not a thought merely, but an act—and not merely an act, but a course of actions in favor of the poor and destitute. The Post has often repeated the axiom that charity is one of the cheapest of luxuries, and that the glow of the benevolent heart is the best and most comfortable description of fuel. Thrice is he armed, who has double soled boots, a double milled overcoat, and a double allowance of the milk of human kindness. The latter is of so high proof that it never freezes, but the rather, antipodial to mercury, rises with the cold weather. *The hands cannot be better warmed than by putting them into the pocket*; that is, unless you should forget to take them out at the proper season.

Some of the good people at Washington appear to keep warm enough, in spite of the weather. The unpleasant feeling which has there exhibited itself, and the unpleasant circumstances which have taken place, are much to be regretted. We might very easily go into a declamation upon the matter, and rate this man and that; but as we never happened to see a quarrel directly under our eyes, in which all parties were not decidedly to blame; and as Washington happens to be out of sight, and the business of an empire is as thankless as uninviting, we shall leave the gentlemen to settle their own difficulties. Not one interested, we'll be bound, is *glad* of the occurrence of these matters, or *rejoiced* that he participated in them. We may remark, *en passant*, that while all attempts to muzzle letter-writers and reporters will prove unavailing, all letter-writers who choose personal and disagreeable topics, and write *too* one sided accounts of matters, will find they are taking a troublesome responsibility.

Upon our first page, will be found a story by Mrs. Osgood, which fearfully portrays the dangers of splendid matches, and shows in pleasing contrast, the happiness of choosing a wife and of accepting a husband upon the true principles which should "regulate domestic exchanges." The Pennsylvania Legend is also an interesting article. In our next, we shall try to do something quite as clever for the reader.

MR. MERRICK'S BILL.

The bill now before Congress, providing for a reduction of postage on letters, for the abolition of the franking privilege, and for a general reform in the Post Office Department, has one feature highly objectionable. We allude to the regulation respecting postage on Magazines. By this provision it is proposed to raise the rate on periodicals, so that the postage on a magazine, which is now seven cents, will be raised to ten cents.

The postage on monthly periodicals has always been disproportionably high, and has exerted a powerful influence in restraining their circulation, and it appears singularly unjust that a reform, which reduces the rate on every thing else, should add to that on periodicals. We do not now speak of the reprints of scandalous Parisian novels, which, in direct evasion of the spirit of the present law, pass through the post-office under the name of periodicals, and do more to cumber the mails than all their other contents together; but of the monthly magazines, such as Graham's, Godey's, Peterson's and Snowden's, embellished by American artists, and containing original articles from American authors, who are regularly and even munificently paid. Those unacquainted with the business have no idea of the vast expense with which these periodicals are attended, or of the large amount of capital necessary to their success. We have means of knowing that, from the city of Philadelphia alone, 120,000 copies of these magazines are issued monthly, and that an almost incredible number of printers, paper-makers, stitchers, binders, engravers, copper-plate printers, lithographers, colorists, and native American writers are employed on them. Hundreds of thousands of dollars annually change hands in consequence of this periodical business, which, as it has grown up almost wholly within the last six years, appears to have escaped the knowledge of our legislators. It is apparent that an increase of postage will retrench or wholly destroy this business. It seems to us that the government in this proposed movement, is something like the little boy Franklin tells of, who, in his eagerness to grasp three apples, dropped the two he already held; for, if the subscribers to these magazines stop the books—as they assuredly will—on account of the increased [illegible] be cut off from this source of profit, but that a heavy blow will be struck at our engravers and other artists—a class of men who ought to be encouraged, as they exercise a powerful influence in refining the taste of the people. Few have an idea of the influence these illustrated magazines have exercised, in this way, on the mind of this great republic.

The case of reprints is entirely different; and it is these which have cumbered the mail bags, without profit to government, for the last four years. A trashy novel, or libidinous romance not only passes through the mail on equal terms with these original American Magazines; but, through a perversion of the spirit of the law, on far better terms. Surely the government will not place a bounty on licentiousness. Let us, on the contrary, foster correct morals and native literature.

This is a matter for the people to take up. The class who subscribe to magazines is large, and this increase of postage is of personal interest to them.

DRY DOCK.

We perceive among the petitions and memorials presented to Congress, many urging the claims of Philadelphia, as the site of a Dry Dock for the repair of National Vessels. Now, if these memorials were grounded purely upon the desire of Pennsylvanians, as citizens, to have a portion of the public money expended among them, they would, even then, be entitled to most respectful consideration; but there are reasons, irrespective of all sectional feeling and preferences, which should lead every true American, who has the interests of the navy at heart, to favor the location of a Dry Dock here.

It is unquestionable that one or more Dry Docks are needed, easy of immediate access. There is already one in Charlestown, and estimates are making for one in New York. We do not object to this at all; but we do insist that the interest of the Navy, and therefore of the whole country, imperatively requires the establishment of a Dry Dock at Philadelphia; and that nothing but short-sighted policy, or narrow views of the public service can prevent the establishment of one here—and that, too, at no very distant day. The arguments in favor of this measure are many and important. We have space to-day merely to allude to one or two of the most prominent.

In the first place, the location is *secure*. No other defensive outlay would be required than is always provided for the defence of the Delaware. It would be impossible for a foreign enemy to get at Philadelphia in the event of a war. On the other hand, the Navy Yard at New York, or rather at Brooklyn, would require an immense military establishment to defend it from an *inboard* attack. The whole coast of Long Island is to be guarded, so that an enemy may not land and march over. Any such approach is out of the question *here*; and the public works would be in perfect security—accessible to friends, and out of the enemy's reach.

Another argument is that Philadelphia is and must be a great central depot, not only of ship building and other materials, but, if the expression is allowable, of mechanical skill and ingenuity. As good work can be turned out here as at any place in the world, upon a trial of skill, and the average character of Philadelphia mechanism and handicraft is better than that of almost every other city. This we may say without fear of contradiction. Ship timber of all descriptions may be had from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware; iron, coal and other important products are abundant; and it would seem, indeed, as if our noble river were intended by nature to afford facilities unexceeded and almost unapproached by any other place in the world for ship building.

That the weight of these considerations will be immediately acknowledged and acted upon by those whose interests lie in other directions, is asking, perhaps, too much; but we have no doubt that ultimately the national good will triumph over all minor considerations; and that Philadelphia will contain the most important and extensive naval depot and "workshop" on this continent.

THE COAL TRADE.

Some of our readers may be surprised to learn that the capital engaged in the coal trade, in the Schuylkill region alone, in this State, exceeds sixteen millions of dollars. This estimate includes the canal and railroad, leading to Philadelphia. The Miners' Journal, published at Pottsville, publishes some interesting statistics, from which we glean the following facts.

The trade from the Schuylkill region, commenced in 1825, five years after the Lehigh, yet has outstripped that region, and sent more coal to market than all others combined. The shipments from the Schuylkill region since 1825, have been 5,468,914 tons. From all others, 4,345,259, leaving an excess in favor of the Schuylkill region, of 1,123,655. During the last year the Schuylkill region furnished considerably more than one half the coal sent to market, the excess in its favor being 93,081. In 1825, the quantity of coal shipped from that region was only 5,306 tons—in 1835 it had reached 335,685 tons—in 1843, 677,295 tons—and in 1845, the Journal says it is confident that the shipment from that county will reach ONE MILLION TONS.

The supply this year over and above the consumption of last year (which was 1,158,001 tons) is 205,538 tons. The very low rates at which coal was afforded last year, and consequently the increased demand caused for various purposes, the Journal says, warrant it in saying that the overplus is not too large for the increased demand for the present year. The general impression is that the market will be swept pretty clean by the middle of March. In consequence of the increased duty on foreign coal, the quantity this year will fall short at least 50,000 tons, if not more, of the importations of former years. This, of course, will require an increased demand for the domestic article.

The following table is interesting; showing the quantity of coal imported, for the last twenty years, or so, and the quantity of anthracite sent to market in the same period. The quantity imported for the year 1843, cannot be precisely stated, the tables not having yet been made up; but it is said that it will not exceed seventy-five tons.

Years.	Foreign Coal.	Anthracite Coal.
1820,		365
1821,	22,122	1,073
1822,	34,523	2,240
1823,	30,433	5,823
1824,	27,228	9,541
1825,	25,645	33,699
1826,	35,665	48,115
1827,	40,257	61,267
1828,	32,302	77,413
1829,	45,393	110,403
1830,	58,136	174,737
1831,	36,509	176,820
1832,	72,978	363,871
1833,	92,432	485,365
1834,	71,626	376,636
1835,	49,969	556,835
1836,	108,432	696,766
1837,	153,450	874,539
1838,	129,083	723,830
1839,	181,551	817,639
1840,	162,867	865,414
1841,	135,394	[illegible]
1842,	141,521	1,108,001

ERICSON PROPELLERS.

[illegible]

GERMANS.

[illegible]

REV. DR. BETHUNE.

This gentleman, our townsman, has been recently making a visit to Boston, where his abilities as a lecturer and as a divine, have attracted much attention, and elicited much admiration. The Boston Mercantile Journal says of a discourse that he delivered on Sunday week, that it was truly eloquent. His text was, "Not slothful in business." His object was to show that all honest business comes within the precincts of religion, forms a part of our discipline for a better world, and if well done in its proper time and place, renders to God as acceptable service as any act of worship. "You sometimes think," said the preacher, "that if you could get rid of your weighty cares, and could command as much leisure as you wish, you would be better Christians. But to say the least, this is very doubtful. On such subjects imagination often sports with us. Those who have leisure, frequently spend it in imagining how well they would do if they were placed in circumstances which required action. Let me illustrate this. Many parents have reared large families successfully, but few of them have written books on domestic education. On the contrary, most of the productions on that subject have been written by *maiden ladies and childless persons!*"

If the Dr. had gone a step farther and said "*childish* persons," he would have hit the nail still better upon the head. There is more solemn nonsense uttered upon the subject of education, by people who know nothing about it, than upon any other theme.

FUNERAL OF COM. PORTER.

The funeral of this distinguished naval officer took place on Saturday last, and was attended by a very handsome escort, officers of the army and navy, volunteer officers, the clergy and citizens generally. The body was conveyed through several of the principal streets in the city, to St. Stephen's Church, the bells of St. Peter's and St. Stephen's tolling during the passage of the procession.

The bier was placed in the middle aisle of the Church, after being recived by Dr. Ducachet and five other Clergymen. The burial lesson was read by Bishop Onderdonk, after which Dr. Ducachet pronounced a very eloquent discourse from Gen., 47 chap., 9 verse. The Church was crowded throughout and the utmost good order prevailed.

After the funeral service had closed the body was removed to the burial ground adjoining the Church and deposited in a grave, when the usual salute was fired by the military detailed for that purpose. Thence it was in the evening removed to the Naval Asylum, to be buried at the foot of the flag staff, as desired by the deceased.

The escort was under command of Colonel James Goodman, and included a large proportion of the military volunteers of the country. The Pall Bearers were Commodores Barron, Elliott, and Biddle, and Generals Cadwalader, Hubbell and Patterson.

GENERAL JACKSON.

A letter in the New York Plebeian, dated at the Hermitage, Jan. 14th, gives quite a description of the condition of General Jackson's health, from which it would appear that the veteran cannot much longer survive. We subjoin an extract:

"I regret extremely to find, on my arrival at the Hermitage, the health of the venerable Ex-President, Andrew Jackson, in such a precarious state. He is very feeble, appetite poor; cough distressing, attended with severe paroxysms on account of the pain in his side. At times he suffers from a degree of tightness about the chest, attended with much difficulty of respiration; at other times a more free expectoration greatly relieves him. He thinks one of his lungs is nearly gone; his eye-sight has failed him very much; can converse but a little at a time, even when the most comfortable; has had several hemorrhages of the lungs, and is frequently obliged to resort to bleeding and cupping to prevent its return. He has been gradually failing for the last year, but more rapidly for the last seven months. He is able to exercise very little this winter, but has never failed attending church when it was possible for him to be conveyed with help."

A YANKEE NOTION.

The Massachusetts Legislature have hit upon a most capital plan for making their residence in the city of Boston during the session, profitable to farmers and others interested in Agriculture, members of the Legislature. They have voted the use of the representative hall one evening in a week for Agricultural Meetings. Officers have been chosen, committees, &c., appointed, and the thing revolves itself into an Agricultural Debating Society. The subjects of debate are chosen by committees appointed for that purpose, and no gentleman without special and formal license can speak more than half an hour in one evening. Though a preponderant number of the members of this society are members of the Legislature, any gentleman who chooses may join. Beside the benefit which must result to the science of agriculture from these meetings, it is evident that they must also do great good in softening or preventing political asperities.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

The narrative of the Exploring Expedition will soon be ready for the Press, and the publication may next Spring be expected. Since March last, forty plates, embracing more than seventy general and local surveys of the different groups of islands in the Pacific, have been finished. The specimens of natural history and other curiosities, brought home by the Expedition, are nearly all arranged in the Hall of the Patent office.

By the way, there is one part of our own coast which sadly wants attention. There are no good charts of the coast of Florida—and particularly is the West coast deficient. The charts in most common use are Blunts—but on this Part of the coast they are very imperfect. The old Spanish charts—a century old, are very little, if at all inferior to the more modern ones—but this is by no means saying much in praise of antiquity.

THE "GREAT METROPOLIS."

The following facts are stated in an English statistical work. If true they incline one to forbear envying the English metropolis its million of inhabitants. There are 60,000 adults in London who never enter a place of worship, except at a marriage or a funeral; 12,000 adults cannot read; 14,000 families have not a solitary fragment of the word of God; and 25,000 go to no school whatever.

The next great European city appears to be in a condition as little enviable. Great distress prevails among the humbler classes in Paris, and so miserably denuded of funds are the various charitable institutions, that the mayors of twelve departments have made the most urgent appeals to the inhabitants of their respective districts on behalf of no fewer than seventy thousand persons, who are said to be destitute of bread, clothing and fire.

CONGRESSIONAL TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

Some of the members of the House of Representatives—we hope a large *sum*—have formed a "Congressional Total Abstinence Society." [illegible]

NEWSPAPER HOAXING.

[illegible]

THE CUNARD STEAMERS.

Doubts have been from time to time expressed whether this line of steamers between Liverpool and Boston could be profitably continued; but we find a statement in the Boston Post which sets that matter at rest. It is said that the line has been so successful and profitable to the British Government, that an addition of £20,000 had been made to their compensation for carrying mails, and now they have £100,000 per annum for that service. The number of steamers to be increased to five, and all of the Hibernia model, that being found on trial to combine all the good qualities for such vessels. It is said that the post-office made £100,000 by the receipts of postage, and the owners of this line an equal sum from the profits on their receipts on freight, passengers, and mail service.

SENATORS.

The Legislature of Rhode Island filled last week the unexpired term of the Hon. Wm. Sprague, resigned. Ninety-three votes were cast, of which John Brown Francis, Whig, received 67, and Christopher Spencer, Democrat, 26, whereupon Mr. Francis was declared duly elected for the term which expires on the 4th of March, 1845. Mr. Francis was formerly Governor.

Gen. Jesse Speight was elected on the 9th instant, by the Mississippi Legislature, an U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March, 1845. The Democratic State Convention was held the same day at Jackson, and nominated Martin Van Buren, of New York, for President, and James K. Polk, of Tennessee, for Vice President of the United States.

THE SILKEN TIE.

They seem to be driving quite a business in the divorce line, in New Jersey. On one day last week three divorce bills were passed in the Legislature, five were ordered to a third reading, one new one was reported, and four petitions for divorce were received. This is not much to the credit of the connubial relations, and will encourage New Jersey bachelors in their prejudices; unless, indeed, it should have an opposite, and worse effect. When, as in good old times, the marriage tie was regarded as indissoluble, people went into it with becoming caution—but if wives and husbands are so easily set aside, matches will soon be even more carelessly contracted than now; and that is certainly not very desirable.

A LION.

Count Eliovitch, alias Gen. Bradish, who figured somewhat extensively in this city and elsewhere, some years ago, making strenuous efforts, and sometimes succeeding in being recognised as a "foreigner of distinction," is now in durance vile. His last performances in this country, were in the State of Maine. Now we hear that he is incarcerated at Cadiz, having been seized upon by the English Consul, for absconding with the luggage of an English travelling party. Under the assumed name of Gen. Bradish, *of the U. S. Army*, he enjoyed the hospitality of an English gentleman at his country seat; this kindness he repaid by making off with the baggage of the family pleasure party, which he had joined by invitation.

THE WEATHER.

While, on the 18th ultimo, they have had green peas and tomatoes in the market of Charleston, S. C., we at the North have had a different state of things. In this city the weather has been cold enough, and the problem "will the Delaware freeze?" has been answered by ice enough in all conscience. The New York harbor has been much obstructed, —and farther East some harbors have been entirely blocked. The Bostonians report eight degrees below zero as their temperature on Saturday morning; but this is warm in comparison with the Siberian cold at Montreal. The mercury there has been down to *thirty-four* degrees below zero.

GAME WORTH FIGHTING.

The Showhegan (Me.) Clarion, states that Mr. Ephraim Parlin, of Concord, in Somerset county, Me., recently shot a black wolf, measuring six feet and two inches in length. Mr. Ellis, of Smithfield, in the same county, an old hunter, a few days since shot an animal of the cat kind of huge dimensions, but to which no one has as yet been able to give a name. And another Down Easter recently had a "tussle" with a wild cat, and killed him with a club, having no fire arms at hand. This is rather rough play, certainly. The depth of the snow has driven these wild creatures from their mountain haunts, in search of food.

ORATORY.

By the following speech of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, which we find reported in the Boston Journal, it will be seen that the Far West is not to be permitted to run away entirely with the palm of eloquence.

"Mr. Speaker the Hon. gentleman that has just set down I think it was the Hon. member from Boston in his speech was truly eloquent even Cicero and Demos-*thens* would not compare with him his words were as smooth as butter he took the fiery sarpent in his hands he rob-bed him of his forked tongue he gave unto him beautiful wings and drop-ped him from his hands a can-nery bird."

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

The writer of a letter in the Edinburg Register says:—"Immense sums are paid for the musical education of the children of the wealthy in London. I have known one professor of the harp to receive a guinea per lesson of fifteen minutes; and he had some twenty or thirty each day!" The best of the joke is, that many a teacher, just as good, would be proud and happy to nett two guineas a week by his profession. Name—fashion—nonsense and impudence, do wonders for individuals, and *do* the public out of wonderful sums.

DISTURBANCE IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Shriver, Reporter of the Baltimore Patriot, had given a report of Mr. Weller's speech in answer to Mr. Stewart, which Mr. W. deemed incorrect and qualified with too much personal satire or abuse; the Representative mended the matter by attacking the Reporter in the recess behind the Speaker's chair. Quite a disgraceful scene took place. The belligerent member was taken in custody by Mr. Dow, the Sergeant at Arms, who is also a Magistrate, and bound over to keep the peace.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

A proposition was recently made in the Ohio Legislature, the approval of which might have done infinite mischief; but which was defeated by the sense of eight of the members. The House, by a unanimous vote, refused *to change the law of the State, requiring the Auditor to levy annually such sum as may be required to pay the interest on the public debt.* The pledged faith of the Commonwealth is thus sustained to the letter, by every member of the popular branch of the Legislature of the State.

SUDDEN CHANGES.

The winter in this country has been remarkable for its sudden and great changes; and by our last advices it would seem that in Great Britain the same vicissitudes were experienced. [illegible]

MARRIED WOMEN.

[illegible]

A PRESENT.

[illegible]

LOOK OUT.

People taking the *mint-drops* must be sure that they get the genuine article. The Agent of the Branch Mint at New Orleans, says there are counterfeits of the new half dollars of 1843. The external part is of tin foil, and the filling a soft solder. They are one-third lighter than the genuine; the impression, however, is perfect. The half eagle counterfeit is of base metal, easily detected by the weight. There are some dimes and quarters afloat, which are detected by their weight.

A VETERAN.

On Thursday, the 19th, the venerable John J. Van Voast, of Schenectady, entered upon his 104th year. Gifted by nature with a healthful and vigorous constitution, Mr. Van Voast has lived a life of activity and temperance. So say the newspapers—but they need not have said it. The veteran's long life is proof of his temperance and activity. No more human vegetable ever lasted so long in indolence; particularly if he happened to be a pitcher plant, continually drinking.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

There has been exhibited in Washington, a newly-invented lantern for railroads and steamboats, which will prevent accidents by night upon railroads and rivers, by showing objects at a great distance ahead. The light is thrown by a simple process in a large ray directly upon the track, and at the distance of ten rods ahead the smallest print can be read with ease. So say the papers, and if the facts verify the statement, it is a great invention indeed.

A ROYAL FORTUNE.

The late King of Holland left a fortune of *sixty-five millions* of dollars—governing a territory not much larger than Connecticut. The same King, with all his wealth and his royal title, was not so free as the poorest man in Connecticut. A free-born Yankee may marry when he pleases, provided she is pleased; but Kings' marriages are every body's business, and the Dutch King's true love did not run smooth.

WESTERN STEAMERS.

It appears from an official statement of the Collector of the port of Louisville, that thirty-five steamboats, with an aggregate tonnage of 7,406 tons, were built in Louisville during the past year. The average cost of each of these steamboats was $20,000—total cost $700,000. The number of steamboats built on all the Western waters in 1843, is stated at one hundred.

THE LICENSE LAW.

A bill is now before the Senate of this State, the leading feature of which is, that it permits the people of the several wards, districts, and townships in the State, to determine, by ballot, for themselves, whether they will have any inns or taverns within their precincts.

A YOUNG ASTRONOMER.

An English paper states that a Master Harvey, under *nine* years of age, is lecturing successfully on astronomy at Bath, and calls it "a very remarkable circumstance." Probably this *very* young gentleman lectures principally upon the milky way.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, January 1, 1844.

"That fell stopper of our breath—Death"

has been unusually busy among the higher ranks during the last few days. One of the oldest of our nobility, Lord Lynedoch; Lord Inverarie, General Loveday (brother-in-law of D'Esterre, killed by O'Connell in a duel,) the mother of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and Casimir Delavigne, the French dramatic poet, have all been summoned to the land of spirits. I have little to say of any of the distinguished defunct, except that the mother of the fictio-philosophic Bulwer, will long be remembered for her munificent and discriminating acts of charity; and Casimir Delavigne, I suppose, was almost worthy of a theatrical *apotheosis*, for the *Theatre Francais* closed its doors for one night, in honor of his memory. No! Let us think of the things of time, rather than of death, for the present—like the Chinese, who in that particular, have set us a glorious example—for they have actually sent orders to England, for 25,000 silver watches! By the way, too, you Yankees are also taking great liberties with Old Time, for you are sending over "Yankee Clocks" to us by thousands, underselling the English, and giving us an article that is very perfect, and answers admirably. Well—*tempus fugit*—and as our Time, in the shape of watches, flies from Europe to Asia, I see no reason why your Time in the shape of clocks, should not fly from America to Europe.

You doubtless remember that Miss Stephens, the once distinguished vocalist, married the Earl of Essex, several years ago. She makes a most exemplary wife; and I observe, with pleasure, that she creates quite a sensation among the *haut ton* in London, by the willingness with which she sings the choicest of the fine old English ballads, by way of enlivening the aristocratic *coteries*. Her voice is still sweet—and at a recent "diplomatic party" she quite enchanted and electrified the foreign *noblesse*. In Paris, I learn, they have a religious "star," the Abbé Lacordaire, whose preachings at the Metropolitan Church of *Notre Dame*, draws congregations of 5,000 and 6,000 persons. He is called the modern *Bossuet*.

We have a strange arrival from your side of the Atlantic. I refer to the Ojibeway (Chippeway) Indians, from the shores of Lake Huron. They are nine in number; and a few days since, Mr. Catlin (American) presented them to H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, and several of the nobility. They were then, by Her Majesty's desire, conducted by Mr. Catlin to the Royal presence at Windsor Castle. I have seen but one copy of the speech of the Warrior Chief to the Queen, as translated by Mr. Catlin, and that I send you. After Prince Albert had shaken the hands of the Chiefs and Warriors, the old Chief, who is seventy-five years old, advanced and addressed her Majesty in the following manner, as interpreted by Mr. Catlin:—

Great Mother—I have been very sorrowful since I left my home, but the Great Spirit has brought us all safe over the great waters, and my heart will now be glad that we can see your face. We are now happy.

These are all the words I have to say. My words are few, for I am not very well to-day. The other chief will tell you what I intended to say.

The war-chief then rose, and in a very energetic manner made the following speech, which was also literally interpreted to her Majesty.

Great Mother—The Great Spirit has been kind to us, your children, in protecting us on our long journey here. And we are now happy that we are allowed to see your face. It makes our hearts glad to see the faces of [illegible]

This is all I have to say.

The Chief and his braves danced a war dance, a medicine dance, and a pipe dance.

The Queen then, through the Honorable Mr. Murray and Prince Albert, "assured the chiefs of her Majesty's great gratification at the interview, also of her Majesty's friendship for the Indians, and desire that they may have a safe and pleasant journey home to their native land, to their families and friends."

After this, the Indians partook of the refreshments prepared in an adjoining apartment, and returned in good cheer to London.

Now all this was very striking and complimentary—but they do say that these Indians will get most abominably tipsy, when they can, on what they call "fire-water"—*vulgo vocato*, gin!

I must not forget your lady readers, and having been permitted to make a few extracts from private letters from Paris, on the Winter Fashions, I subjoin them. "The New Year is unfavorable to novelties in dress. All the world is making the tour of the shops to purchase the presents which it is here customary to make on the new year, and until that arrives, there will be little new to relate of dress. For morning home dresses, at least among the rich, cashmere has replaced Mousseline de laine. These robes are bordered with velvet, and cut *à la personne*; they are tightened around the waist by a silk scarf. This costume is very oriental and becoming. Black is still the prevailing color, which gives an evening party the air of a Spanish salon, or a party during a general mourning."

The writer, in another part of her letter says that if one were asked what is the fashion now, the answer would be, an infinite variety of pelisses, in satin, levantine, and black velvet; "a large number also of superb cashmeres, for at present a cashmere shawl cannot be worn at Paris, unless it be a superb one. For a more simple toilette, there is nothing so prevalent as Scotch plaids, but mantles composed of this material are only used for the bath, the retired promenade, or the family evening party. The newest coiffure is one invented by Madame Lejay for the young Queen of Spain. It is a simple band of black velvet, with a *fond* of lace, an aigrette of Heron inclined on one side, and on the opposite a rose placed on a narrow band which mixes with the hair; this novel head-dress is called *Le petit bord Isabelle*. Cashmere scarfs are much worn at the Opera, and velvet ones with the back formed in pelerine, are still worn in promenade, when trimmed with fur. Jet ornaments are in favor with black robes, but in England they would have the air of mourning. Redingote of green moire with a border of velvet of the same color, cut out in lozenges so as to show the moire sleeves tight, with a similar trimming round the upper part of the arm, the same trimming also goes down the front, widening from the waist to the bottom, small double collerette of lace. Another Redingote of drab silk sleeves tight and quite plain, the only trimming of the dress being a triple row of puffed satin, the color of the dress down the front." This latter extract is, I am told, by far the most important of the two.

The excitement both in London and in Paris in relation to the *Duc de Bordeaux*, and his Court of the Old Regime in Belgrave Square still continues. The "Queen," however, does not receive the Duke at Court, and a correspondence is said to have passed between Her Majesty and Louis Philippe on the subject. It is also confidently stated, that a hint has been conveyed from the English Government to the Duke, to the effect that any attempt made by the old Bourbon party in London, to shake the power of Louis Philippe in France would be adverse to the wishes of the British Government, and must not be persevered in. *On dit* too, that the London Police have an eye upon any political intrigues that may be going on. If there are any plots or plans on the tapis to restore the family of Charles X.—depend upon it that Louis Philippe is advised of the matter daily by post or estafette. A few days since, his French Ex-Royal Highness, paid a visit to the Duke of Beaufort, at Badminton, Gloucestershire. On his return, he received all the distinguished French personages, who had come over. The arrivals from France and the levees at "Belgrave Court," continue to be numerous. H. R. H. has paid a visit to Wales. It must be confessed that his French courtiers go great lengths in styling him "your Majesty," and it is very likely one or two members of the Chamber of Deputies may be called over the coals on their return. Meanwhile the more sensible portion of the French royalists grieve at the farce now playing in London. M. de Chateaubriand has written home that he means immediately to return, and that he has advised the young Henry not to remain in London. It is added, on very good authority, that during the Queen's visit at Eu, it was agreed that the Prince should be invited to Windsor under his travelling name, but of course his conduct or rather that of his partizans, has precluded Her Majesty from taking a step which would now be an insult to the King of the French. As he now styles himself "Duc de Bordeaux," and publicly receives discontented French Royalists in a kind of court—of course the Queen cannot countenance or receive him.

A letter from Sicily states positively, that at least 130 persons lost their lives by the late eruption of Mount Ætna. The English Funds have never before been so high as at the present time—3 per cent. consols, 97! The original par worth of 3 per cents, is 60. Business of all kinds is improving, and all the manufacturing towns are busy. The rates of wages are also improved, and things in general show the glowing and smiling face of prosperity.

Local Intelligence.

Grand Jury Presentment.—The Grand Jury in their presentment say that facts have come to their knowledge which have forced conviction on their minds, that nearly all the social evils that disturb society by street riots, or pollute it by moral depravity, have their origin in four principal seminaries of vice which abound in almost every part of our city and county, and, we regret to say, in too many of what are called respectable streets of the city proper. These fountains of vice, are—first gambling houses; second, play houses, or theatres; third, dance houses; and, fourth, tippling houses, or low taverns. The system of hawking newspapers and other small articles by little boys and girls is spoken of as a nuisance. So no doubt it is—but poverty is a nuisance also, and requires abatement before the other can be reached.

Destructive Fire.—On Sunday morning, about seven o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive fancy soap, oil, and sterine candle manufactory of Coffin & Landell, in Penn street, Kensington, below Shackamaxon street, which, with a large quantity of material and machinery, was entirely destroyed. The loss to Messrs. Coffin & Landell is said to be twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, which will fall entirely upon the firm, as there was not a cent of insurance upon either the building, the stock, or the machinery. [illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

No subscriptions are received to expend their letters address to any Agent, but persons ordering their letters with their names on should.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued by the end of the current year if the year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher, unless ordered to be.

Small Bank Notes of current Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as the paper will be sent to all subscribers until their orders are received, and a settlement is desired.

Remember most always write the Post Office nearest them, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, and are authorized to receive subscriptions:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' Companion:

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wright.

C. W. JAMES, of Baltimore street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the only agent we have in that city.

Mason Hunter, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Cleveland, J. R. Chapman, J. Dunn and R. D. Cooper, of Nashville, Tenn.

SAMUEL D. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Miller*, of Augusta, Georgia, Eust and West.

JOHN MCCALL, Georgia, East and West.

HENRY HOLT, of Mobile, is authorizing us in Alabama and Mississippi.

Jas. E. James is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Territories. In new counties *J. Whipple, William H. Wood, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Stone.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM S. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

Joseph Pierce is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

IRA I. HARTON is our Travelling Agent in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

CLARKSON WELLINGTON, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' Companion; and he is also authorized to receive money for the same.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, *for February, 1844.*—The February number of Graham's Magazine is a very handsome one in style if possible than the January. It is filled with pages from the freshest sources, sparkling with gems. Some of the prose articles are of high order of merit, among which we may mention the "*Mantle and the Mantles.*" Illustrated with a very beautiful steel engraving, and a wood-cut, after the pen of Prof. J. K. Mitchell. Hon. James K. Paulding has another of his humorous productions in this number, and there are many other good articles in the number. "*Violet*" is a beautiful picture from the pencil of Rutherford, and we think the publisher does well in selecting such pictures as paintings for his work. The portrait of Gen. C. Neal, author of "Charcoal Sketches" is capital.

We copy the following notice from the Boston Bulletin.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for February, has arrived. It is, undoubtedly, a splendid number, and appears to us to be rising higher and higher in the scale of excellence in which it has been held by the community. It now ranks with the first and foremost periodicals of the world. The embellishments of the present number are indeed beautiful. The most striking among which is the fine portrait of C. Neal, Esq., author of "Charcoal Sketches" etc., and one of the best humorous writers of the day. Whatever is the day. The magazine or only $3 per annum payable in advance. Address, George R. Graham, No. 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PAINTING, *delivered at the Royal Academy. By Elias Martin, M. D., et. al. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a handsome duodecimo volume, lectured to the King's College during the seasons of 1826-27, were published in 1840 in the London Medical Gazette, and, for want of considerable notice, and contributed largely to extend and ratify the reputation which their author, Dr. Watson, already enjoyed. At the request of many of his former colleagues, and from their great success, they were collected together, revised and published in book form in the number now.

We know of no systematic work on the Practice of Medicine equal to this. To extensive erudition and natural acuteness, he unites the observation and tact of a practical man. personally familiar with all he writes of, he has the faculty of making himself a moral policeman in these pages, to prevent the ill-fortune of his readers, and to give the practical good sense distinguishes every page. The time and punishment of reader are not squandered on the idle speculations on assisted points of no real utility. Disease is not studied as a luxury, but as the great evil and object of medicine, the recognition and cure of which is the main thing from first to last borne in mind.

The style is good, but we may say fascinating. To the medical student we consider the work as invaluable, and the more so few popular works on the subject are, on reading it, will not be willing to acknowledge their obligations.

In the last number of the *British and Foreign Medical Review* these lectures are spoken of in the following terms of high commendation:

"The medical profession is under great obligations to the enterprising publishers of the Royal Academy of Medicine. It seems to publish his lectures in their present form, and to the profession at large for their high merit and usefulness. A more complete system of medical practice than they were before possessed, and practised by our most distinguished physicians, is here given by a work of standard excellence, which we can cordially hold up to our brethren of every shade of medical opinion. The practical value of British medicine, as professed and practised by our most distinguished physicians, is, for our own purposes, we are not only writing but our characters as sustainable profession, and we are not to set himself down in practice, unprovided with a copy."

WALDEGRAVE LETTERS, SECOND SERIES. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have already noticed the first series of the Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. They are now first published from the original manuscript by Bentley, and the number before us contains the first of the letters to correspond with the last volumes of Walpole's Letters recently issued in this country. The present volume contains the letters, which have been spoken of as "models of witty writing of the highest order." We agree with that Messrs. L. & B. also announce Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third, in one volume.

THE CAPTIVE OF OMAH BRIDGE. *Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.*—This is a new novel by the author of *one publisher*—These not two little works put forth in a cheap shape, but in a handsome duodecimo volume, which seem almost beneath a reasonable being's notice, but which are still deserving of a passing notice from their situation. The science of Etiquette—for it has passed to a science is not however to be learned from books. If it is, a set of wonderful words and rules are necessary to know, in spite of his father's honour. The books can be of no assistance to a gentleman, and a fool.

MORRIS EXTRAVAGUES. MORRIS.—Numbers four and five of the series of the New Mirror contains Gen. Morris's Burglar's Story, and Letters of Travel. Altogether the Letters of Travel. Altogether the Letters of Travel. Altogether the

Sacred Poetry.

THE LIVING LOVER TO THE DEAD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"Of all the roses grafted on her cheek,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music melting on her lips,
Of all that rare pure woman's excellence
In her who loved, who lives, who mourns beloved
Remembers oft."—Dekker.

And there upon thy bier of death
Are strewed the flowers of love?
Are those the flowers I wreath'd,
Nor living found, nor dead?
Are those the flowers I gave,
And placed with fatal fondness in thy hair
On that sad eve thy bier?
Yet I call the memory light,
Shall watch and feel not fear.

I once in ice could bind in winter,
Till mine is scarce less cold,
And crown those features fancy's fair,
Till they seem of breathing mould;
Yet lonely, lonely, is my grief
Then when in periods past,
I saw that lovely brow in health
For now I paint my last.

Those lips in sunny summer
But their still crowned smile is there,
The flashing of thine eye is not
But the calm-closed lid, how fair!
Oh, I could love to mortal error
Nor sigh for days more bright,
If thou wert here, but only here,
Might sleep within my sight.

More joy to watch thee when dreams
To into that loveliest trance,
Than ever thou in waking fair,
Though ours no fair were thou
Hadst in thy look of love, or hate, or shame,
All withered, all forgot,
Than yield it to the trumpet's power,
The wreck, and not alone

But was the fairest one of my breast,
And vainer were the sigh
The grave must be thy place of rest
And I must live by thee.
Oh, death! are all thine arrows spent
Among the living still?
Oh, grave! is each dark hiding bed
Remainder not for me?

My parched love! my soul's delight!
My being's own bright part!
Oh, could I but pre-assuring light
Cloud—crush that fatal dart!
Vain wish—the light becomes more clear,
The death-wound more sure,
One burning sigh—one burning tear,
One wish will quite—forever!

Selected Articles.

INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF A PERSIAN ASTROLOGER.

We have been favored with the following letter from Rev. David T. Stoddard, missionary to the Nestorians, to Professor Olmsted, of Yale College. It is well known to the personal friends of Mr. Stoddard, that he had early a strong taste for geometrical studies. And he not consecrated his excellent powers to a noble work, he might have attained considerable eminence in that fascinating department of science. Whilst a student in college, he connected with his own hands the large reflecting telescope by which he altered, as the following letter, and was intimately associated in those pursuits with that prodigy of genius, the lamented Ebenezer Peter Mason.—*Ed. Evangelist.*

Oroomiah, July 14th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have recently been reminded of you in a most interesting manner. When I left America, I was in doubts whether I was best to bring my telescope, as it is a difficult and expensive to transport such instruments over the lofty mountains of Turkey. But Mr. Perkins advised me by all means to keep it with me, as everything of the kind would contribute in that half heathenish land to advance the cause of science and even of religion. I followed his advice, and several weeks since, on unpacking it, was rejoiced to find it in perfect order. It very soon attracted much attention, and was thought by the natives to be a large and beautiful spy glass! When the mountain bashaw, the chief astrologer, heard about the instrument, he came in silent delay to pay me a visit. He is a very intelligent man—perhaps the most so, excepting the priest, of any one I have seen in Persia. His father before him was also eminent in this country for his skill in the same profession. Though perfectly acquainted with our system of astronomy, he believes, and has early prejudices incline him to that of Ptolemy. Perhaps as received here, it has undergone slight modifications, but in its essential features it is the same as of old. The mensjun seems also to have studied the books of India, which, if I mistake not, imply the eternity of the earth. This the astrologer is willing to admit, as he knows perfectly well that a change of place east or west will produce a change in the meridian; and that the pole is elevated as one travels to the north. I think it owing to this bring to admit our system in full, were it not for his religion,* and his dislike to "new customs" as he cannot raise a sound objection against it. He has tables, handed down for many years, which enable him to calculate eclipses and other celestial phenomena with considerable accuracy. Every year he is in the habit of making out his Persian almanac, copies of which he presents to distinguished men. I mentioned in our conversation the great solar eclipse of December. He at once produced his books, and said that I was correct in the time, but that the eclipse would be invisible at Oroomiah; according to our tables, it ought, it can be seen throughout Asia. He smiled pleasantly but knowingly, and answered, "If God please, we shall see." As he was anxious to know what we make the exact time of the beginning and end of the eclipse, and the number of digits observed, I promised to let him know to calculate it for him. I have partly done so, and if I have made no error, the sun will at this place rise in eclipse and continue this some time.† Six or seven hundred miles south of us the eclipse will be total.

I am not aware that the Mensjun Bashaw has any instruments, except a small empty spy glass, and a brass circle for measuring angles, graduated to half or quarter to quarter degrees. His knowledge, however, of the constellations and the motions of the heavenly bodies, is full and minute.

He supposes the sommeter at Seir, and so our elevation is 800 or 700 feet above the plain. a fine opportunity is afforded for observation. The sky is always beautifully clear, and our ordinary nights would be called remarkably fine. If was here the astrologer came to see me; and no sooner was it dark, than he wished to use the instrument. I first pointed it toward saturn, which was near its culmination. At the first glance, the mensjun bashaw declared he saw neither satellites nor ring. At this I was of course not at all surprised, and proceeded him to have a little patience, and he would have his curiosity gratified. After a little he obtained a good focus, and saw the ring. This almost made him leap for joy. He looked again and again, and delighted by his enthusiasm. Presently he exclaimed that he had a distinct view of the division in the ring, and near of the satellites. That night three or four were visible, but it was not strange that a novice should be unable to detect them. I had, however, a second impression, for though disposed to make every objection and admit nothing on testimony, he was satisfied that he saw the division in the ring, and the shadow of it upon the planet. He tells me that there is a tenrod many years old in their possession, which states that saturn was once seen in the shape of an elephant. But they know nothing of any rings or any satellites belonging to it.

We were invited to Japan to see the telescope was but in astonishment. There were its first success and several broad belts crossing the disc of the planet—all see plain to admit of doubt. Looking up to me, he earnestly said, "Tell me anything you please about these moons and I will accept it. You will readily believe that I was exceedingly gratified. My heart leaped at Mars, the gibbous state of which he readily admitted. He was pleased to see the sun to be seen to advantage; yet some of the dark spots on its surface were unmistakable.

In different views of the milky way, he was less interested, because he said their looks declared it to be composed of stars. He seemed gratified by the cluster in Perseus, and one or two similar objects.

The mensjun wanted much to have a sight of Herschell. He was half incredulous about the existence of any such planet, especially as I did not know its place in the heavens. He sent me by me, as I have now, the American Almanac. I promised to look it up for him, and show it to him on a subsequent visit; but I fear the telescope is hardly powerful enough to gratify him.

At a late hour we retired to rest, promising ourselves pleasure of morning sight of Venus the next evening. As soon as the mensjun saw her eyes on Sunday he could hardly contain himself. One of the satellites was on the other side of the planet, and they all had changed their positions. "Jupiter, then, has comma," said he, "and they revolve around him. You are certainly in the right."

Venus Mars, was near the horizon and broader, was only seen with difficulty. Through this, calculations are constantly rising, and though they did not hinder observations to any great height, they almost obscure that part of the heavens. Mercury I did not try to find. Indeed as it was much nearer the sun than Venus, I would not have found it if I could.

After sunset, the mensjun retired, apparently much gratified, and promising to come again. He is a real enthusiast, and I doubt not he will take as much of my time as I can spare. However, as he is a man of much influence, and

* He is not only sovereign, but a prominent mensjun priest.

spent with him is by no means lost. One great step in advance he has made, in the abandonment of those lying men; but if indirectly we can introduce the measures to benefit in this country, or give them new views in science, the great advance toward their conversion will be made. They already look up to Europeans as men of science and other acquisitions. God grant that this may prepare the way for the hearty reception of the gospel.

I am interested with the whole subject of the religion of the Koran and with the mussulman tradition, which they hardly distinguish. I am satisfactory, that whatever serves to weaken or destroy the former, contributes to the latter. In this view, we must hail among this people the progress of the astronomy, and of all the arts which may not inaptly be called a pillar of their faith.

INSANITY OF THE HORSE.

There is no doubt that the animals which we have subjugated, are subject to many of the same maladies as the human being—solitude, memory, attachment, jealousy, resentment, fear, and hatred. Who has not witnessed the pain and manifest display of these passions in the faithful dog, the sagacious elephant, and the simple possession of these faculties, and even that they may be exercised on purposes good or bad, and that, as in the human being, they may be perverted, and produce by a multitude of causes which it is not necessary to particularize. In the quiet horse, as in the biped, the desire or destruction of a certain part of the brain, may produce all the derangements of disturbance, or perversion of a certain faculty. And here is a most interesting, and good as well as bad properties of the inferior beings, have been so lately observed and acknowledged, that any thing can be a moment's surprise to the learned. The disordered actions, the fury, the prices, the vices, and more particularly the frenzy and total abandonment of itself, which are occasionally exhibited by the horse, would seem to certain acts of insanity in man.

The owner of a horse, in the vicinity of Toulouse for the soundness which follow:—A horse, seven years old, was remarkable for an habitual air of stupidity, and in peculiar wandering expression of countenance. When he was not working that had not been accustomed to, or heard any sudden or unusual noise, whether it was near or at a distance, or sometimes when his oats was thrown into the manger without the precaution of sparking to him or patting him, he was frightened to an almost incredible degree, he would precipitately leave every limb trembled, and he struggled violently to escape. After several curious efforts of this sort, he would work himself into the highest degree of rage, so that it was dangerous to approach him. This state of excitement was followed by dreadful convulsions, which did not cease till he had thrown himself on the ground. wise detached himself from his trammels. He would then become calm, and suffer himself to be led back to his stall; nor would anything then be seen but an almost unconcerned indolence, and a wandering and stupid impression of countenance. He had belonged to a brutal butcher, who used him to slaughter cattle, and before which time he had been perfectly quiet and tractable.

A Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful, and in other respects serviceable mare, by which one peculiarity rendered exceedingly dangerous—she was a decided servant-girl. paper, which she recognized the moment she saw it, and even in the dark if one were only rubbed together. The effect produced by the sight or sound of it, was so prompt and violent, that she could not be mastered her rider. She had not the slightest fear of objects that would terrify most horses. She would smell at the muzzle of the band, the whistling of the ball, the flashing of the cannon, the fire of the bivouacs, or the glittering of arms. The confusion and din of a battle produced much the impression upon her; the sight of no other white object affected her. She was once caught, but the vow or the rustling of paper roused her to madness.

Another mare was perfectly manageable and betrayed no antipathy in the human being, nor to other animals, nor to inanimate objects. She was of a light-grey color; but the moment she saw a grey horse, she reared and struck at it, attacked it with the greatest fury. It was the same as at first—she was quiet enough, but all that could be wished on the parade, on the route, in the ranks, in action, and in the field; but if she were brought in sight of a grey or white horse, she reared not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

Another horse was remarkable for never except of white inanimate objects, as white muslins or coats, and particularly white pantaloons. Against these he would direct all of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then she rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

Another horse was remarkable for never except of white inanimate objects, as white muslins or coats, and particularly white pantaloons. Against these he would direct all of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then she rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH.

The following lines are copied from the American Museum for August, 1790. I would request their insertion in your valuable paper, as I think many of the present time, my brethren, who have not yet taken the fatal—

Let others praise a beauteous face,
The features of her hair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

What though the sense quite sweet and mild,
With other fonds as many,
An innocent and harmless child,
An ever old woman.

This will not kindle my desire,
On maids so weak and tame,
Least ignorance should quench the fire,
While I'm endeavoring to blow.

What though her shape be faultless too,
And every limb complete,
Her manner pleasing in the view,
Whence all the graces meet.

The charming puppet may pass by,
Or gently fall and die
It will not hurt my peace, for I
Have eyes, as well as you.

I want to know the inward state
And judgment rest her in;
If she will prest, or rage, or fret,
Be gentle or be mild.

If her discourse is calm and staid
And judgment rest her in;
Then I'll address the gentle maid,
And do what's she might.

A gander pleases me more than a goose,
Kitchen and servants clean;
Previous marriage, and excuses,
Nor scandalously mean.

Oh could I such a female find,
Such treasure is a wife,
I'd cease my cares and thoughts resigned,
Nor heed the cry of life.

BALLOONS.

Although the science of Aeronautics has for many years been cultivated by distinguished men in Europe, yet notwithstanding all we have heard of aerial flying machines, no improvement have as yet been made, or even a correct idea formed, in the mode of navigating the air. Many seem to be of opinion that it is impossible. We are inclined to believe the inventions recorded in the following extract from a London paper, published in 1784, the art of flying will be brought to perfection at some period, as was the case some years ago. Instead of "fly" upon the earth, we shall then—

"Adderel built of Saffron, an Arabian collector of extraordinary talents for invention and curious occurrences, tells us that in the reign of Caliph Alrashed, a cotton weaver of Moussul invented a machine for clothes, by which he himself was known power, which carried him, in a chair suspended from the middle of the sheet, at the height of one hundred feet, from Balbora in Persia to Damascus, being a journey of eight days in four hours. This adventurer never showed the secret of his machine, which died with him, even to the Califf, who offered large sums for the secret, but was one post to make it, for the authority of the Califf was unknown. On the outside of the machine was a triangular sail, so contrived as to turn with the wind, so as to serve as a weather cock, and a rudder to direct its course. In the machine were ingenious contrivances for several voyages to Persia, Cambroun, and several parts of Califf's dominions, with governmental despatches, by which he soon raised an immense fortune. He was executed for attempting him to alight on the roof of a palace, in order to carry off one of the wives of the Sultan. Benchah, governor of Aleppo, whom Saffron had enticed, he was detected in the beginning and brought before the Prince, who sentenced the daring intruder to be burned, with his machine, which was executed the next day. It seems probable, adds our historian, that superstition overruled curiosity, otherwise Benchah would have examined the perversity which two persons could be transported through the fields of liquid air, at any distance from the earth, and the machine brought into the most vessel on smooth water; but the barrier of Caliphs, "really wanted," to promote the knowledge of a contrivance, which, though evidently but a compound of several philosophical and mechanical principles, was well worth the most elaborate enquiry. Two persons might thus pass the inscrutable destination of the machine, and the only person in the world who was capable of answering it."

A YANKEE OUTWITTED.

"Jonathan," a cunning and shrewd landlord, in the western part of New York, was authentically aware of a certain wagoner, who frequently *over*, that answered to the familiar name of "Hank." The wagoner was up to all tricks of the day, the old man at length concluded that "Watch" must die. As "there was one thing more to be done," he filled the can was pending in his own mind as to the best mode, when to his no small surprise and pleasure, the tandem team of a Yankee peddler drove up to the door.—"I reckon," said the uncle to-day, can I, mister?"

"I don't know," said the landlord, "I'm nearly out of cash, and it would rather inconvenience me to purchase, at present."

"Well," says the peddler, "I'm not very particular 'bout the cash; can't I swap with ye for something else, and then call it square?"

"I can't answer that question, unless I know anything?"

"I have a clock," says the landlord, "that perhaps I should be willing to swap for a good horse."

"Let me see a clock," says the peddler, "and I'll tell you what I'll do."

The landlord produced his clock, and the peddler, well as he had prepared himself for the transaction. The disordered actions, the fury, the prices, the vices, and more particularly the frenzy and total abandonment of itself, which are occasionally exhibited by the horse, would seem to certain acts of insanity in man.

The owner of a horse, in the vicinity of, Toulouse for the soundness which follow:—A horse, seven years old, was remarkable for an habitual air of stupidity, and in peculiar wandering expression of countenance. When he was not working that had not been accustomed to, or heard any sudden or unusual noise, whether it was near or at a distance, or sometimes when his oats was thrown into the manger without the precaution of sparking to him or patting him, he was frightened to an almost incredible degree, he would precipitately leave every limb trembled, and he struggled violently to escape. After several curious efforts of this sort, he would work himself into the highest degree of rage, so that it was dangerous to approach him. This state of excitement was followed by dreadful convulsions, which did not cease till he had thrown himself on the ground. wise detached himself from his trammels. He would then become calm, and suffer himself to be led back to his stall; nor would anything then be seen but an almost unconcerned indolence, and a wandering and stupid impression of countenance. He had belonged to a brutal butcher, who used him to slaughter cattle, and before which time he had been perfectly quiet and tractable.

A Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful, and in other respects serviceable mare, by which one peculiarity rendered exceedingly dangerous—she was a decided servant-girl. paper, which she recognized the moment she saw it, and even in the dark if one were only rubbed together. The effect produced by the sight or sound of it, was so prompt and violent, that she could not be mastered her rider. She had not the slightest fear of objects that would terrify most horses. She would smell at the muzzle of the band, the whistling of the ball, the flashing of the cannon, the fire of the bivouacs, or the glittering of arms. The confusion and din of a battle produced much the impression upon her; the sight of no other white object affected her. She was once caught, but the vow or the rustling of paper roused her to madness.

Another mare was perfectly manageable and betrayed no antipathy in the human being, nor to other animals, nor to inanimate objects. She was of a light-grey color; but the moment she saw a grey horse, she reared and struck at it, attacked it with the greatest fury. It was the same as at first—she was quiet enough, but all that could be wished on the parade, on the route, in the ranks, in action, and in the field; but if she were brought in sight of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then she rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

Another mare was remarkable for never except of white inanimate objects, as white muslins or coats, and particularly white pantaloons. Against these he would direct all of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then she rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

INSANITY OF THE HORSE.

There is no doubt that the animals which we have subjugated, are subject to many of the same maladies as the human being—solitude, memory, attachment, jealousy, resentment, fear, and hatred. Who has not witnessed the pain and manifest display of these passions in the faithful dog, the sagacious elephant, and the simple possession of these faculties, and even that they may be exercised on purposes good or bad, and that, as in the human being, they may be perverted, and produce by a multitude of causes which it is not necessary to particularize. In the quiet horse, as in the biped, the desire or destruction of a certain part of the brain, may produce all the derangements of disturbance, or perversion of a certain faculty. And here is a most interesting, and good as well as bad properties of the inferior beings, have been so lately observed and acknowledged, that any thing can be a moment's surprise to the learned. The disordered actions, the fury, the prices, the vices, and more particularly the frenzy and total abandonment of itself, which are occasionally exhibited by the horse, would seem to certain acts of insanity in man.

The owner of a horse, in the vicinity of, Toulouse for the soundness which follow:—A horse, seven years old, was remarkable for an habitual air of stupidity, and in peculiar wandering expression of countenance. When he was not working that had not been accustomed to, or heard any sudden or unusual noise, whether it was near or at a distance, or sometimes when his oats was thrown into the manger without the precaution of sparking to him or patting him, he was frightened to an almost incredible degree, he would precipitately leave every limb trembled, and he struggled violently to escape. After several curious efforts of this sort, he would work himself into the highest degree of rage, so that it was dangerous to approach him. This state of excitement was followed by dreadful convulsions, which did not cease till he had thrown himself on the ground. wise detached himself from his trammels. He would then become calm, and suffer himself to be led back to his stall; nor would anything then be seen but an almost unconcerned indolence, and a wandering and stupid impression of countenance. He had belonged to a brutal butcher, who used him to slaughter cattle, and before which time he had been perfectly quiet and tractable.

A Piedmontese officer possessed a beautiful, and in other respects serviceable mare, by which one peculiarity rendered exceedingly dangerous—she was a decided servant-girl. paper, which she recognized the moment she saw it, and even in the dark if one were only rubbed together. The effect produced by the sight or sound of it, was so prompt and violent, that she could not be mastered her rider. She had not the slightest fear of objects that would terrify most horses. She would smell at the muzzle of the band, the whistling of the ball, the flashing of the cannon, the fire of the bivouacs, or the glittering of arms. The confusion and din of a battle produced much the impression upon her; the sight of no other white object affected her. She was once caught, but the vow or the rustling of paper roused her to madness.

Another mare was perfectly manageable and betrayed no antipathy in the human being, nor to other animals, nor to inanimate objects. She was of a light-grey color; but the moment she saw a grey horse, she reared and struck at it, attacked it with the greatest fury. It was the same as at first—she was quiet enough, but all that could be wished on the parade, on the route, in the ranks, in action, and in the field; but if she were brought in sight of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then she rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

Another mare was remarkable for never except of white inanimate objects, as white muslins or coats, and particularly white pantaloons. Against these he would direct all of a grey or white horse, she rested not until she had thrown her rider to the ground, and then she rushed on her imagined foe with the greatest fury. She generally succeeded in killing her animal by the head or throat, and held him so fast that she would suffocate him, if he were not promptly released from her bite.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY A LADY OF VERMONT.

I build my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the lightning flash and the thunders crash,
Where the tempest howls and the storm clouds roll,
And the rainbow spans the pole.
A type for the sons of Liberty.

Aloft I fly, from my eyrie high,
And I look on the world as the source sky;
On a rainbow bright take an airy flight,
And float in a flood of liquid light.
For I love to go in the dark of the snow cave,
And look in a blaze from the throne of Day.

Lone I spring, with a restless wing,
On the feathery cloud I pause and swing;
And I skim the deep where the surges leap,
And the clear blue canopy slowly sweep;
For I love to go where the tempests blow
Of a free and fearless Liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand
Like the watch-towers high of a patriot band—
Where the rocks are hurled by the mighty world,
Through the land he never as fair and wide,
Where the valleys are broad and the prairies smile,
And lemons the free-born nest in them.

Then gone is my flight to the realms of light,
The Land of the Pilgrims ever free,
And I perch me on high in the home I love,
But watch, from my sentinel rock above,
I see banished from every land and sea,
And exult in your glorious doom!

Oh, guard your well, the land where I dwell,
Lest the future times the tale I tell,
Who drove exiles expiring and homeless forth,
The gentle heritage of your sires,
Who Freedom's altar flame profaned,
From fair Columbia's bosom bright,
Till to ourselves the land we love is hollow night

Then will I tear from your pressure fair
The vines I've set in triumph there,
My olive-branch on the blast I'll hurl,
My famous arrows, my red right hand,
And away I'll flee, but I would not be
The Eagle of Liberty.

Selected Miscellany.

NETTLE ANNUALLY.—Make the new year a happy one in the commencement to every one you meet. Forgive every debt, and make an immediate settlement of all accounts. Do this annually, and you will find it a pleasant custom, and you need not dread to compare accounts with your neighbor. Settle, strike the balance, and pay over. If he owes you, you will get your account, or give a fine bill. Old accounts are generally bad accounts, and should be left to preach them. Short settlements make long friends. Adopt all the little items now in year.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Humorist.

☞ The Duchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained at her carriage door by the unloading of a cart of coal in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her arms upon the window of the carriage, and looked, with a disdainful air, upon a woman of quality in the street!" "Pray, madam," said the woman, "what is your fellow," rejoined her grace: "don't you see my arms upon the door?" "Ah, my dear," replied he, "I do; and a *pair* of very coarse arms they are indeed."

☞ Our wagoner meeting another from the same neighborhood, in our streets, a few days since, came to a small stop to chat; and the result in such a shocking condition. "Why, I cause ye haven't seen me for a month." "A new coal, eh? Well, I'll be much obliged if you will pound it out for I found the old one almost unpeacable, with only half a load. Where is it?" Where is it?—Why as near as I can guess, they have not *yet* reached the old one."

☞ "Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affectation to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying there?" Her mother, with a cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a blush deeper than crimson on her darling's countenance. "A cucumber, precious!" exclaimed the fair one, how very extraordinary! I always imagined, till this moment, that they grew in sticks!"

☞ Tom Dibdin, the author and celebrated theater, has a fine fellow for his eldest son, and gave his reasons for the christening as follows:—"I named him Thomas, after myself; Jerome, I said I'll *hie-to-graphy*, when I married him, I was a *top-o-graphy*, when I went him to cancer, I was *pyro-graphy*, when I put him to stand still and he won't, I say, but you see *lo-graphy*, and therefore I think "Graphy" is a very proper name."

☞ A clasp in lows, by the name of New, recently called upon a medical professional of a facetious turn of mind, named his first-born Benjamin. "Well, doctor," said the proud father, "how do you like the boy?" "Why, sir," replied the doctor, "I think he will be a very clever fellow."

☞ Punch, having heard a good deal of the term "stony-hearted," determined upon making a few physiological investigations himself